

## ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED BY  
REFLECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY

### CASTLE BUILDING.

"What are you building darling?"  
I asked of my girlie fair.  
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,  
Plying her blocks with care,  
And the ruddy glow of the fire light  
Danced on her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"  
My little maid replied—  
"And these are the walls around it,  
And here is a gateway wide,  
And this is a fenny stairway  
To climb up by the side."

The busy, fitting fingers  
Went on with her pretty play,  
And the castle walls were rising  
In the fading winter-day—  
When a sudden, sudden motion,  
And all in ruin lay!

Oh, merry little builder,  
The years with stealthy feet,  
May bring full many a vision,  
Of greater, rare and sweet—  
To end like your baby pastimes  
In ruin and decay.

You laugh over the toy walls fallen;  
So sunshine follows rain,  
And we may smile, looking backward  
At sun-drenched and faded plain,  
While the heart hath shattered temples  
It may not build again.  
—Lucy H. Fleming, in Christian Work.

### A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

How I Would Teach a Boy to be  
a True Bayard.

Mamma never used to act like that,  
till Alice was engaged. It makes all the  
difference in the world when you have  
a sister who assumes the "going to be  
married" dignity, and gets private let-  
ters that she goes off into a corner to  
read, and wears a ring with a real dia-  
mond in.

And Alice was engaged to a Tootie,  
and they were such an ancient family  
that I got very tired of their genealogi-  
cal tree, besides feeling very small, and  
of no account, after Fenwick "Tree-  
top," as I often called him, had con-  
descended to come into the family, for  
Alice looked down on Dorothy and I  
from that pinnacle.

My name is plain Mary, and nothing  
else. Mamma often told me that she  
nearly called me "Rose Mary"—and  
that would have been pleasant, for  
in the language of flowers it means "re-  
membrance."

When Jack Turpin went off to sea—as  
ship surgeon—he bowed him out of  
the front door herself, and didn't give  
him a chance to say good-bye to me,  
only she couldn't see, as I did, the  
pleading look in his eyes that said, "be  
true to me." I knew, though not a  
word was spoken, but papa shook  
hands warmly and said, "Give us the  
light of your countenance again, John,"  
and I thought it perfectly sweet of the  
white-haired old darling. But then  
papa isn't a "mother with marriage-  
able girls," so he can say things.

It was that set mamma so much  
against Phil Kowlock, and there comes  
my grievance. He was talking to the  
fair Ethel Winman one evening, and  
when speaking of a mutual acquain-  
tance, chanced to say: "Of course  
she encourages all the young men  
to the house, for she has marriageable  
girls." It wasn't anybody we knew,  
but I saw mamma freeze up at once  
and knew he had offended her. For  
she did not want us to marry, and says  
it is a libel men and boys start now-  
adays that if you ask a male creature  
to your home you are yearning to take  
him to your heart—and half the time  
they are not able to support them-  
selves, much less a wife. For boys,  
now-a-days, she says, are talking about  
the other sex as if they were grand-  
fathers, and had experience. I know  
they do talk and act foolish, and when  
brother Will is talking about my ex-  
travagant dress, I do a sharp little sum  
in arithmetic, and find that while I am  
satisfied with a ten-cent muslin in sum-  
mer, they wear dollar-a-yard tweed,  
and more jewelry than is good taste  
for a girl.

So I was provoked at Phil, for he is a  
good sort of a boy, only he thinks it  
sounds big to sneer at girls. I often won-  
der that boys with sisters can do it. I  
shouldn't wonder at an orphan, if his  
mother died before he knew any thing  
about her, but boys with sisters should  
know better.

And I said something like that to the  
boys, and that it was a mark of a higher  
civilization to be able to show proper  
respect for our sex, and not treat them  
as an inferior, for that day was past.  
And then I told them a bit in the papers  
about a class being asked "Why Moses  
was a gentleman?" and one little boy  
said, "Because when the daughters of  
Jethro went to draw water the shep-  
herds drove them away, but Moses  
helped them, and said to the shepherds:  
'Ladies first, please.'"

And I hope Moses did it in a friendly  
sort of way, as one clown might to an-  
other, and not as if the girls were his  
inferiors in any way. Whittier knows  
what I mean, for he wrote:

"O, for a Knight like Bayard,  
Without reproach or fear."

And I always thought he was one of  
that sort himself.

Well, after that, mamma was more  
severe than ever, and talked severely  
about ladies who were too free and  
easy with their girls, and Phil didn't  
come back, and Jack Turpin was at  
sea.

And then one day papa's second  
cousin, Randolph Massey, came to visit  
us. He was a model young man and  
polite to boot, always standing till  
we were seated, if we entered the room  
just for a moment—and ever ready to  
pick up a peanut shell if any one hap-  
pened to drop one. We all thought his  
manners perfect, and I held him up as  
a model to the boys, he was really  
more polite than Jack.

But one night as we sat in the draw-  
ing-room singing, there was a sudden  
cry of fire from the kitchen; we didn't  
stop for Randolph to hold the door  
open and bow us out, I assure you. It  
was in the laundry, and a cold north  
wind made it dangerous for the house.  
Will was away, there was only papa,  
who had rheumatism, and Tom, who  
was dizzy with a raging headache, to  
go up on that roof and hold the hose.  
I went up the key ladder, and was busi-  
ly drenching the roof of the laundry,

when I felt myself held up by strong  
arms—and turned resolutely to find  
"Jack." He took the hose from my  
hand, but took the hand, too, and held  
me, saying wildly: "I've got you at  
last, dear, and I mean to keep you,  
though it is as breezy up here as the  
steamer's deck."

And he held me fast and put out the  
fire at the same time, while mamma,  
who dare not mount, kept calling:  
"Who is up there with you Mary?"

And all this time Bayard the Knight,  
who was ever ready to anticipate our  
slightest wish, sat by the fire in the li-  
brary and smoked cigars, for it was  
"too cold to venture out when there  
was so much help, you know."

And mamma didn't say a word, even  
when Jack helped me put on my cloak  
after our toilet was renovated, and  
bolly took me for a long walk. I sup-  
pose she thought fate too much for her,  
taking the trouble to land him on the  
roof to find me for once alone.

But Dorothy was angry and so was  
Alice. "To think of you, who always  
said you had a career, and would never  
marry, taking up with a boy like Jack,"  
said my eldest sister, who gloried in  
Fenwick being a dozen years the  
senior, and then Dorothy began: "Yes,  
and after all the study you have done,  
to give yourself away like that," but  
when I looked into dear Jack's dark  
eyes I was simply contented.

I did want to study medicine, and had  
pictured to myself the good I would do  
in the world when I got through college  
and put up my shingle. I had studied  
many books, practiced on many cut  
fingers, and made bushels of poultices.

And when I washed out the clothes  
after some patient's lined poultices,  
I used to think that would not fall to  
my share when I became a doctor, for  
I noticed they were very fastidious  
about the actual work. Then I had  
helped mamma pull all the children  
through the measles and scarlet fever,  
taking both diseases myself after they  
were all better, and helping the doctor  
set Tom's leg, and cure Harry's gun-  
shot wound, when Dick mistook him  
for a partridge, all made me handier  
than most girls for hospital work.

I had to be married before Alice, and  
Jack and I went back to the sea, and  
all through my brain during a long  
siege of sea-sickness, ran the refrain:

"Sailing, sailing,  
Over the stormy main,"

and then, as a deeper lull would be  
given to the vessel, I would mentally  
repeat:

"Many a stormy wind shall blow,  
Ere Jack comes home again."

I was with Jack now, and home was  
afar off—we were on our way to the  
British Honduras for a cargo of sugar.

And one day as I lay in my berth  
sea-sick and home-sick in spite of Jack,  
he came in looking very pale. I asked  
languidly what was the matter, as a  
big green wave dashed against the  
port-hole.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," he said,  
"but there is small-pox on board, and  
I must leave you and keep you  
isolated, with the other three first cabin  
passengers."

And then I arose in my night  
and asked him what he took me for, to  
keep myself like a baby when he was in dan-  
ger. And I got out of bed, and dressed,  
and took down all my medical books,  
and packing away all unnecessary arti-  
cles, told him I was ready for anything.  
And I put on an old blue silk, for I  
knew that goods resisted contagion best,  
and wound up my hair on the top of  
my head. "Where thou goest I will  
go, Jack," I said.

It is no use to tell what we did then,  
for the long days and nights—of death,  
and loathsome, slow recoveries. And  
as we reached that summer land, Jack  
told me he was in for it, and kissed me  
"good-bye" just before he lost con-  
sciousness. Over his handsome face  
came the fearful scourge, but I painted  
the sores faithfully, and held his hands  
when he would faintly tear off the terrible  
scars. And when months after we left  
home, we were once more purified and  
on our way back to civilization, he  
asked me if I ever regretted giving  
up my career for his sake. "You are  
a successful failure, dearest," he  
said, and I acknowledged that I had  
been instrumental in God's hands of  
doing good and helping the afflicted.

But I knew I should have been a doctor  
if I hadn't met Jack, for he was my  
only love, and I was willing to  
give him the first place in my coveted  
career, as well as in my affections,  
to help him and those he wished to cure,  
to be his in sickness and health. But  
then I did not want to be thought his  
inferior, and when we reached home  
and the boys called me a "little brick,"  
and Alice Tootie gave me a warm wel-  
come, and Dorothy told me she was en-  
gaged to Phil, I just walked up to  
mamma and said: "What a relief it  
must be to your troubled soul, mother  
dear, that you can not much longer be  
accused of being a mother with mar-  
riageable daughters."

And when Jack calls me his "blessed  
successful failure." I often think,  
though I do not confess it, that if I  
ever have to teach a boy how to be a  
true Bayard, I will not begin by teach-  
ing him dancing attendance on the  
weaker sex, but will teach him in plain  
English the meaning of the motto:  
"Honi soit qui mal y pense"—Evil to  
him who evil thinks.—Annie L. Jack,  
in Women's Magazine.

Luck in a Bat's Liver.

Of all the queer superstitions of  
which I ever heard, there is one pos-  
sessed by a man on "Change" that caps  
the superstitious climax. I won't tell  
you his name, but he is one of the most  
prominent grain and pork dealers in  
the city. One night last summer he  
was visiting at the Fifth District police  
station. We were bothered a good deal  
just then by bats which were flying up  
and down through the stable attached  
to the station. Our visitor and the  
stable boy killed several of the bats,  
and the liver was taken from each of  
them and carried away in the mer-  
chant's pocket. He wanted them, he  
said, to give him luck in his business  
transactions, for he declared there was  
more good luck in a bat's liver than  
there was in half a hundred rabbits'  
feet, which were well known to possess  
luck in no mean proportions.—St. Louis  
Globe-Democrat.

## THE WORLD'S DWARFS.

A Race of Diminutive People Found in  
Central Africa.

At the last meeting of the Anthropol-  
ogical Institute, Prof. Flower, C. B.,  
Director of the Natural History Mu-  
seum, gave a description of the two  
skeletons of Akkas, lately obtained in  
the Moubutu country, Central Africa,  
by Emin Pasha. Since this diminutive  
tribe was discovered by Schweinfurth  
in 1870, they have received considerable  
attention from various travelers and  
anthropologists, and general descrip-  
tions and movements of several living  
individuals have been published, but  
no account of their osteological charac-  
ters has been given, and no specimens  
have been submitted to careful anatomi-  
cal examination.

The two skeletons are those of fully  
grown-up people, a male and female.  
The evidence they afford entirely cor-  
roborates the view previously derived  
from external measurements that the  
Akkas are among the smallest, if not  
actually the smallest, people upon the  
earth. These skeletons are both of  
them smaller than any other normal  
skeleton known, smaller certainly than  
the smallest Bushman's skeleton in any  
museum in this country, and smaller  
than any out of the twenty-nine skele-  
tons of the diminutive inhabitants of  
the Andaman Islands, of which the  
dimensions have been recorded by Prof.  
Flower in a previous communication  
to the Anthropological Institute.

The height of neither of them exceeds  
1.219 metres, or 4 feet, while a living  
female Akka, of whom Emin Pasha has  
sent careful measurements, is only 1.164  
metres, or barely 3 feet 10 inches. The  
results, previously obtained from the  
measurements of about half a dozen  
living Akkas are not quite so low as  
these, varying from 1.216 to 1.420  
metres, and give an average of both  
sexes of 1.355, or 4 feet 5 1/2 inches. But  
the numbers measured are not sufficient  
for establishing the true average of the  
race, especially as it is not certain that  
they were all pure blood examples.

According to Topinard's list, there  
are only two known races which have a  
mean height below 1.500 metres, viz.,  
the Negrits of the Andaman Islands  
(1.478), and the Bushmen of South  
Africa (1.404). Of the real height of  
the former we have abundant and exact  
evidence, both from living individuals  
and from skeletons, which clearly  
proves that they considerably exceed  
the Akkas in stature. That this is also  
the case with the Bushmen there is  
little doubt. The point of comparative  
size being settled, it remains to con-  
sider to what races the Akkas are most  
nearly allied.

That they belong in all their essen-  
tial characteristics to the black or Ne-  
groid branch of the human species  
there can be no doubt—in fact, they  
exhibit all the essential characteristics  
of that branch, even to exaggeration.  
The form of the head is somewhat more  
rounded than usual, but it has been  
shown that in Equatorial Africa, ex-  
tending from the west coast far into  
the interior, are scattered tribes of ne-  
groes distinguished from the majority  
of the inhabitants of the continent by  
this special cranial character as well  
as by their smaller stature, to which  
the name "Negrito" has been applied  
by Hamy. It is to this race of the  
great Negroid branch that the Akkas  
belong, and they are not by any means  
closely allied, either to the Bushmen or  
the Negrits of the Indian Ocean, ex-  
cept in so far as they are members of  
the same great branch, distinguished  
among the general character by their  
closely curled or frizzly hair. It is pos-  
sible that the Negrito people gave  
origin to the stories of the pygmies so  
common in the writings of the Greek  
poets and historians, and whose habi-  
tations were often placed near the  
sources of the Nile. The name Akka,  
by which Schweinfurth says the tribe  
now call themselves, has, singularly  
enough, been read by Marietta Pasha  
by the side of the portrait of a dwarf in  
a monument of the ancient Egyptian  
empire.—London Standard.

### CONCERNING MONEY.

Why It Should Always Be Regarded With  
a Certain Seriousness.

There are those who think it a fine  
thing for a young man to spend his  
money with a careless, dashing free-  
dom; and all over the world the spend-  
thrift is a character less odious than  
the miser. We think, on the contrary,  
that the miser and the spendthrift are  
essentially the same character. The  
weak vanity which prompts the inex-  
perienced youth to scatter his money  
in prodigal profusion, easily changes  
into that weak covardice which induces  
the miser to devote his later years to  
hoarding. Carelessness of expenditure  
is one of the surest signs a young man  
can give that his life is destined to be  
unprosperous and unhappy.

Some of the greatest crimes, and  
many of the most poignant miseries,  
have been due to carelessness in the  
spending of money. There is reason  
to think that one of the leading causes  
of Arnold's treason was the pecuniary  
embarrassment caused by his extrava-  
gance. The same cause had much to  
do with precipitating Burr from the  
height of honor into the depths of in-  
famy. Swartwout, the great defaulter,  
was not what is commonly called a dis-  
honest man, but only a criminally care-  
less one; one of those "fine fellows"—  
heartily, jovial and "whole-souled"—  
whom everybody likes, from whom  
everybody borrows, whom nobody is  
compelled to pay. Then such a man  
there is no more fatal character under  
the sun. Ruin lies in wait for him, and  
he sure to devour him at last.

Money should always be regarded  
with a certain seriousness, for it is the  
quintessence or representative of the  
gifts of Providence and the toil of man.  
It is hard to get, and easy to spend.  
There is peril in it, and blessedness in  
it. To the wise and good it is the best  
of all servants; to the weak and foolish  
it is the most terrible of all tyrants.  
Carelessness is always perilous and  
wrong, but habitual carelessness in  
the spending of money is of all its  
forms, the surest to lead to misery and  
shame.—N. Y. Ledger.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the  
last water in which clothes are rinsed  
will whiten them surprisingly. Pour  
the borax so it will dissolve easily.

## REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

"Private Joe" Fifer's Able Speech Be-  
fore the Republican State Central Com-  
mittee of Illinois—Why the Grand Old  
Party Is Bound to Succeed Next Fall.

MR. CHAMBERS AND GENTLEMEN: We have  
heard many good speeches and many good re-  
ports from the different sections of this great  
State, I shall not from Appomattox and the  
celebrated apple tree exactly, but from the  
next best place, the fair county of McLean,  
which, geographically and ornamentally, we  
sometimes think is the best-kept of this gal-  
lery of Republican States, a county where Repub-  
licanism is a constituent of the common air,  
and where the soil is too good to grow the sor-  
dous weeds of Democracy; a county in which,  
under the wise administration of that great father  
of Republicanism, Abraham Lincoln, this Re-  
publican party was born; a county which gave  
Grant 2,500 majority, and proposes to beat even  
him in the year of his centenary.

A party asking the support of the free peo-  
ple should be able to look forward without  
fear, and backward without shame. Twenty-  
three years have brought us beyond the sound  
of Grant's cannon at Petersburg. A new gen-  
eration with faces toward the rising sun is  
upon the stage. In the race for industrial suc-  
cess men look more to the future than to the  
past, and in my judgment, the party that suc-  
ceeds in the coming Presidential election must  
show not only a better record, but also a better  
service to the State, than its opponents. If a re-  
cently assured success, the Republicans would  
never have lost power. If a record alone could  
defeat a party, the Democrats could not, any  
more than forty years, have carried the filthiest  
ward in New York City.

But three years ago an inscrutable Provi-  
dence, moving in a mysterious way, permitted  
this Democratic party to come to power in this  
country. For twenty-four years the Republi-  
can party had triumphed at the polls; but now  
since the advent of Democracy its greater tri-  
umph is in the service of its nation of its de-  
fenders. The party in power has in three  
years proved itself the most musty and noisome  
depository of political vacuity and decay to be  
found in the world. There are barely enough  
live men in the Democratic museum to exhibit  
the mummies and take gate money. The public  
trust in the party has been so completely  
supplied by Republican force and ideas, that  
those in power, though having the desire, have  
not the courage to change its course. All they  
do is to repeat it.

The Democratic party arrived at the White  
House without a single sincere conviction it  
dared avow. The barbarous ideas which had  
once vitiated the party had all been consumed  
years before in the white heat of the almost  
public sentiment of Christendom—in fact slain  
by the rising spirit of militant Republicanism.  
A party the greatest years in American his-  
tory—say, the grandest years in human history  
—the leaders of the Democratic party sat like  
dead lions upon a dry log of the charred and  
blackened trunk of rebellion, and solemnly  
hoisted that constitutional liberty was being  
destroyed by the Republican party. The great  
democratic and aristocratic party in the hope  
of making them fill the Republican pattern,  
and, really, it is not their fault if our old  
clothes don't fit them. Through the dust and  
dirt which make the Democratic party, the  
Democratic campaign consisted in taking back an old falsehood and telling  
a new one. Even the sweet uses of adversity  
seemed lost upon the Democratic managers.

But we can afford to forgive all we had  
said of us by the Democratic party, in view  
of the great admission attested by their  
actions, which speak louder than words. Imi-  
tation is the highest praise. From all the  
years of Democratic abuse, that party has  
been industriously padding out its withered  
stock of platitudes, and in the vain hope  
of making them fill the Republican pattern,  
and, really, it is not their fault if our old  
clothes don't fit them. Through the dust and  
dirt which make the Democratic party, the  
Democratic campaign consisted in taking back an old falsehood and telling  
a new one. Even the sweet uses of adversity  
seemed lost upon the Democratic managers.

But we can afford to forgive all we had  
said of us by the Democratic party, in view  
of the great admission attested by their  
actions, which speak louder than words. Imi-  
tation is the highest praise. From all the  
years of Democratic abuse, that party has  
been industriously padding out its withered  
stock of platitudes, and in the vain hope  
of making them fill the Republican pattern,  
and, really, it is not their fault if our old  
clothes don't fit them. Through the dust and  
dirt which make the Democratic party, the  
Democratic campaign consisted in taking back an old falsehood and telling  
a new one. Even the sweet uses of adversity  
seemed lost upon the Democratic managers.

Searching around in dark political corners,  
the Democrats at length found in their party  
a "village statesman" so obscure as not to be  
widely odious. They took this man up and  
loudly proclaimed him a great, brave and  
political reformer. True, he had then never  
reformed any thing, and has not yet, but there  
seems to be a theory that he can. Authors  
were sung over his discovery, in which Mr.  
Curtis and Mr. Schurz carried the alto and  
tenor, and the reformers of Tammany fur-  
nished the heavy bass. This champion of  
Democratic reform was altogether too lofty to  
be interested in the little questions that  
troubled Lincoln and Grant twenty-five years  
ago. The reformer was not attuned to hear  
the guns of Sumter, or the echoing call of  
Father Abraham for "three hundred thousand  
more." The eye so keen for the penny abuses  
of the civil service, could only see the "glory  
of the cross of the Lord" through the fog of  
a substitute; and when peace and  
freedom blushed over a glad land the heart of  
the reformer thrilled strictly by proxy. The  
great moral movement of the centuries that  
derided itself through the hey-day of Grover  
Cleveland's youth, and he made a sign. Such  
small things were beneath him. He was, evi-  
dently, waiting for the disabled soldier, on  
whose scarred and shriveled person he might  
illustrate the beneficence of modern Demo-  
cratic reform.

Impartial history will write it down that this  
Government had never, since Washington's  
first inauguration, been more faithfully, more  
honestly or more efficiently administered than  
it was on the day Arthur passed it over to the  
hands of Cleveland; and yet a campaign  
of the most virulent abuse and falsehood de-  
veloped some Republican politicians who  
were corrupted in high places, and that the  
public good required "a change."

The vain efforts of Mr. Cleveland to carry  
out the false pretense of the campaign and  
pose before the world as a great reformer have  
been painful in the extreme, and remind one  
of nothing so much as a hippopotamus trying to  
balance on a slack-rope. His whole adminis-  
tration has been a solemnly stupid masquerade,  
with spots and party greed as its real motive,  
and Civil-Service reform as its false and  
discredited pretense. Despite the rigors of Illi-  
nois' own great reformer, Mr. Overly, the pub-  
lic service has been made the breeding-ground  
of campaign striders, where the dirtiest party  
service finds high and sure reward. It was, I  
believe, a member of the President's own party  
who said that Democrats were all right, but he  
objected to tried and convicted Democrats.

Not least of the crimes of the next Republican  
campaign will be to tear the mask from this re-  
form humbug. The facts are at hand and the  
fraud under which Democracy came in must  
be exposed, so that the people may see the  
people will take it from its high places with  
a whip of scorpions.

The President, realizing the thinness of the  
ice beneath the Democratic reformatory, has  
lately made a feint in the direction of the sur-  
plus and the tariff. One naturally asks, in view  
of his present alarm, why he did not mention  
the subject sooner. Emerging from the fog of  
his own turgid rhetoric, to make his first intel-  
ligible utterance on any question of National  
importance, Mr. Cleveland proves a self the  
sworn enemy, not of the ineffectualities of the  
present tariff, but the enemy of the people  
of protection. The Republican party long ago  
set the example of revising the tariff, and may  
be expected to do so again, and to expose the  
fraudulent and selfish motives of the present  
American people will take it from its high places with  
a whip of scorpions.

The Democrats are rapidly preparing the  
trap doors in the political bridge through  
which, on next November, they will fall for-  
ever. A commonwealth larger in population and  
wealth than Virginia was, in 1790, filled  
with intelligence and wealth, and all the best  
elements of Northern progress, knocking  
vainly at our Northern door for six years, have  
been denied Statehood for the crime of being  
Republican. At the same time, by the avowed  
consummation of the most enormous unpun-  
ished constitutional crime of the age, the terri-  
tory, all accomplices in the deed, sit in Con-  
gress upon the basis of a disfranchised com-  
munity, and vote that Dakota must stay in  
the Union. Under color of a forced interpretation of  
the words of a treaty, the plainest commercial  
rights are with circumstances of studied out-  
rage, denied American citizens by a peo-  
ple, British province, and a merciless and pusillani-  
mous State Department lifts no hand to aid  
them or to vindicate American honor.

Can the Democrats, carrying responsibility for  
such outrages, be doubtful before an intelligent  
people? The reform mask is already worn out  
and discarded the hideous features. The people  
demand the substance and not the flitting  
shadow of reform. They have now learned,  
too, that such reform must come through the  
success of the Republican party which has  
given to this Republic every principle and  
every idea of real value which has crystallized  
in the medium of American politics in the last  
fifty years.

shadow of reform. They have now learned,  
too, that such reform must come through the  
success of the Republican party which has  
given to this Republic every principle and  
every idea of real value which has crystallized  
in the medium of American politics in the last  
fifty years.

### DRIFT OF OPINION.

Postmaster-General Dickinson is  
"nervously prostrated." So is the  
mail service.—Cleveland Leader.

The biggest political machine in  
this broad country is the whisky ring.  
It appears to have a large slice of the  
Democratic party by the tail.—Atlanta  
Constitution (Dem.).

To talk of a Democrat being  
"better than his party" is absurd. If  
there is such a man, he is no longer a  
Democrat, but has become a Republi-  
can.—Chicago Journal.

For years and years the Demo-  
cratic party of Kentucky has suffered  
from a sort of dry rot. Windblasts have  
been elevated to the rank of states-  
men.—Memphis Avalanche (Dem.).

The developments in the land in-  
vestigation at Washington bear a close  
resemblance in point of general filthi-  
ness to the revelations which accom-  
pany a trial of Democratic tally-sheet  
forgers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New quarters have been leased  
for the post-office at Washington.  
Congress would make an appropriation  
for a new office, but the money is  
needed for buildings at cross roads in  
the South, and Washington citizens  
have no votes.—Indianapolis Journal.

The assurance of Ben Harrison  
that Indiana will cast her electoral  
vote for the nominee of the National  
Republican convention, no matter who  
he may be, has the melody of real  
music about it. That is the sort of  
talk the country wants to hear from  
Indiana this year.—Philadelphia Press.

The Republican party under-  
stands perfectly that it has a difficult  
task before it to win in the approach-  
ing political campaign; but Democrats  
timidity on the part of Republicans  
will find themselves grandly mistaken.  
The record shows that the Republican  
party fights best when it is apparently  
in a minority. It is then most aggres-  
sive, united and triumphant.—Albany  
Journal.

It is a source of great regret to  
Mr. George William Curtis that Mr.  
Cleveland is a Democrat. He is con-  
stantly endeavoring to prove that  
Cleveland is not very much of a Demo-  
crat—a sort of Democratic mugwump.  
Mr. Curtis should bear in mind that  
mugwumps can not nominate anybody  
or elect him. It is to the Democratic  
party that Mr. Cleveland must look for  
the nomination, however much he  
might like to be in perfect accord with  
Mr. George William Curtis.—Kansas  
City Journal.

A leading aspirant for Demo-  
cratic Presidential nominations, now  
dead, called Lincoln "a smutty old  
tyrant." A prominent journal of the  
White House. A leading Democratic  
journal of this city to this day refers to  
Hayes as a fraud and a thief. Com-  
pared with these coarse malignities  
Mr. Ingalls' definition of Mr. Cleve-  
land is as polished and elegant as it is  
vigorous.—N. Y. Press.

A Chicago paper complains that  
some circulars mailed from its business  
office seven weeks ago are just now  
being delivered, and thinks the Demo-  
cratic postmaster ought to do better  
than that. As the Chicago paper sup-  
ported the Democratic President who  
appointed the Democratic postmaster,  
it should not complain about a little  
thing like seven weeks' delay in the  
delivery of its mail. The resurrected  
postmaster doesn't know any better,  
probably, and is running things in the  
good old Democratic style that pre-  
vailed "befo' the war."—St. Paul  
Pioneer-Press.

### CLEVELAND'S RECORD.

What His Administration Has Accom-  
plished in Three Years.

The six definite enterprises which  
constitute the whole book of Mr.  
Cleveland's policy, so far as his Ad-  
ministration has had a distinctive pol-  
icy, are these:

The reform of the civil-service on  
the so-called non-partisan or mug-  
wump plan;

The suspension of silver coinage in  
order to avert a predicted financial  
panic;

The negotiation of an extradition  
treaty with Great Britain;

The settlement of the fishery troubles  
by the negotiation of a treaty with  
Great Britain;

The reduction of the surplus by  
means of an extensive reduction of  
customs duties retaining the internal  
revenue taxes;

The Pan-Lectric suit to annul the  
Bell telephone patents;

In every one of these six cases the  
result of the undertaking can be re-  
corded in a single word:

The Administration's Civil-Service  
reform policy—Abandonment.

The Administration's demand for  
the suspension of silver coinage—Ro-  
linquishment.

The Administration's extradition  
treaty—Collapse.

The Administration's fishery nego-  
tiations—Surrender.

The Administration's surplus reduc-  
tion plan—Reputation.

The Administration's Pan-Lectric  
suit—Disgrace.—N. Y. Sun (Dem.).

### Colonel Ingersoll's View.

Colonel Ingersoll says he is a Republi-  
can and wants the Republican  
party to win, as he believes it can do  
this year. The thing for the Republi-  
can party to do is to unite and har-  
monize itself. "It is not," he says,  
"an easy party to keep together. In-  
telligence will not, as a rule, submit  
to the discipline of organization, and  
there is too much intelligence in the  
Republican party to make it possible  
for a leader, for any great length of  
time, to remain in power. If the Re-  
publicans are united—that is to say,  
all the voters in the country who real-  
ly prefer Republican to Democratic  
rule—if they all vote together, success  
is absolutely certain."—Sioux City  
Journal.

## \$100,